

Star Trek: Anti "Displaced

by The Antiwesley

Category: StarTrek: Other

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-09-04 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-09-04 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:46:24

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,533

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Antiwesley falls into a warp of hoserity, and calling on reused plots and complications...

Star Trek: Anti "Displaced

Sometime in the 24th Century... Deeeeep in the heart of space.

"SIR!!" Ramirez's voice came screaming from his console. "We're spinning out of control and it can't be stopped!" His hands covered his eyes and he began to scream like a little girl.

"I must confirm Mr.Ramirez's report. We are going to die. AIEEEE and such." muttered Servix from behind Norman's back.

Norman looked around his bridge. Sitting fast in his chair,he realised that this was it.. this was the end.

"Not like this.." said Norman looking somewhat annoyed,gripping the arms of his chair. Doing a full 360 in his chair,he looked at each station and the people manning them.

Then the Antiwesley exploded into a million little pyrotechnic bits..

NORMAN: Space,the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Antiwesley. Her ongoing mission,to explore used concepts,re-use bad plots and old complications. To boldly exploit any trends that just happened to be profitable....

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The Cast (so far):

Captain Eric Norman Captain,U.S.S.Antiwesley

Lt.Servix The Antiwesley's First Officer

Commander Emilio Ramirez at Navigation

Lt. Hans O'Reilly at Engineering

Commander Voluptura The Antiwesley's Chief Medical Officer

Ensign Redshirt at Security

and introducing:

Commander Kachunky (the first officer that tastes like a meal)

Kleenix Pez Residents of the Beta Quadrant

and of course,they're all suffering in.....

----- DISPLACED Episode 1

----- 2 days earlier. Not so far away,close space.

"Captain's Log,Supplemental. Having helped Rodonna and her entourage off the ship,the Antiwesley has been ordered to set course for the Verona system, Where,when and if we arrive,we are to explore the outer fringes in the hopes that a small colony survived an incursion by an unknown hostile force. I have it on good authority that Starfleet has the Hood and Lexington on stand-by,if we need... rescuing.."

"Perhaps,Captain,it would be better to state that they are on standby in case of extreme emergency." Servix echoed from underneath her console.

Norman turned and looked at her from his seat. "What makes you say that?" Norman asked.

"Well,knowing our luck,we'll end up being catapaulted to the other side of the Beta Quadrant by some unknown superior force and be stuck there til we can get back.." Servix almost said knowingly.

"Hmm. Have a little faith,Servix." Norman replied. "She's a good ship,we'll be fine."

"I do. Worst case scenario,we blow up. Best case,we actually finish the mission in one piece. And not blow up the planet." came Servix's response as she welded away a few more connections.

"Just what are you doing anyway,Servix?" Grabbing his cup of coffee,Norman got up from his seat and walked up to the science console.

"I'm attempting to re-route some of the main ODN lines in order to facilitate better power usage when I use some of the higher functions of the ship's computer." came the muttered reply.

Norman looked puzzled for a minute.

"She's making us get more miles to the gallon." muttered Ramirez from behind his book of the week, 'Navigation for Dummies'

Norman nodded. "Ah..so you mean when I turn this on..." Norman reached down to tap a button on Servix's console. "NOOOOOOOOOOO..." came Servix's panicked reply from below. At this point, just as Norman reached down, he also lost hold of his cup of coffee. Spilling it down the cracks of the console. Upon reaching some of the exposed ODN cabling, it began to short circuit the entire board. Unfortunately for Servix, she was holding on to the cable at that very moment. This had the added effect of sending a small current through her body, knocking her unconscious. Following the coffee trail back, Norman had just pressed the 'Forward Scan' button. Owing to the synchronicity of all these events, a small rift opened in front of the Antiwesley, sucking it in and knocking all on-board unconscious as well. Except Chief O'Reilly. He was already unconscious anyways from an all-night drinking binge. So the Antiwesley drifted through this open gateway, unawares of whatever might be lurking on the other side..

"Oh Kleenix, I'm so glad I fell in love with you when you accidentally crashed your ship on my planet. It's so boring on Narcolepsia, everything's beautiful and life is so perfect.." Pez was a small, squat, beautiful, boring woman, with short blonde hair. She lay in the arms of another small alien-type, brown skin, funky orange hair in tufts on his head, and a nose with 3 nostrils. This was Kleenix. Together, they roamed this small section of the galaxy, trading, seeking, and just generally doing all sorts of things together that couples tend to do.

Kleenix stared at Pez wistfully. "Soon, my dear, we will be bathing in the wonders of Gypsia 4. A lovely world. Much shopping to be done there.." Pez smiled and snuggled up to Kleenix. They closed their eyes and basked in the warm glow of their love. The ship began to shake.

"Oh, Kleenix..not now..I have a headache." said Pez.

Klaxons sounded over the ship. Kleenix jumped out of the bed and ran to a small console on the side of the room. Pressing a few buttons, a viewscreen showed a small hole opening in space.

"Oh my.. better get dressed, Pez." said Kleenix.

The Antiwesley careened haphazardly out of the hole and nearly plowed into Kleenix's ship. Norman and crew slowly began to wake up.

"Computer!" Norman hollered.

"WoRkiNg, MaStEr" the computer replied.

"What happened?" Norman asked, almost regretting he did.

"UnKnoWn At ThiS TiMe,MaStEr. ReAdIngS IndIcAtE ThaT THE SHIp wAs
REnDErEd In-OPerAtIvE FoR 2 HouRS,MaStEr."

"2 hours?" he looked around rushing over to Servix,he felt for a pulse. Weak, but still beating. "Norman to Sickbay! Emergency on the Bridge!"

"Like I already haven't noticed,Captain?" came Dr.Voluptura's reply from the com speaker. "I'll be up in a minute. I have to extricate myself from under this beam. *big grunting sounds* *metal creaks and then crashes* There. Be up momentarily. Sickbay out."

"Sir.." came a new voice from the helm. Norman turned to look. A large Native American sat at the console.

"Redshirt?" he looked closer.

The chair swivelled,revealing a strange Native American sitting at the navig- ator's station. He was tall and broad,just like Redshirt, but had a giant tattoo over most of the left side of his nose.

"Sir,we hit a ship. Two occupants. Their warp core is about to blow. Permission to beam them aboard and save them,Sir."

Norman nodded. "Permission granted. Now answer me these questions. 1) Where are we? and 2) Who the hell are you?"

The man nodded and pressed a few buttons. "Readings indicate that we are on the far side of the Beta Quadrant."

"Secondly,I think that the blow you recieved as you fell might've erased part of your short-term memory. I am Commander Kachunky. Your First Officer."

Norman stared at Kachunky numbly.

----- TO BE CONTINUED.. (I promise.
Really. For sure,it will. I swear.)

Last time on Star Trek:Anti-

"What you mean if I touch this?" *beep* Norman spills his coffee.

"re-routing the main ODN line." said Servix from underneath her console.

"Sir..we're on the other side of the Beta Quadrant." said Commander Kachunky.

"I'm your First Officer." he also said.

And now.. Part 2 of Star Trek:Anti...

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Kleenix Pez Residents of the Beta Quadrant

and introducing:

3.1×10^{12} of 2.4×10^{14} A Rogue Borg

and of course,they're all suffering in.....

----- DISPLACED Episode 2

Norman woke from his fevered dream. Trapped on the other side of the Beta Quadrant. Right. Next thing was that Commander Kachunky guy. 'Geez.' thought Norman to himself, 'you'd think I could at least have dreamed up something.... better.' and he promptly fell asleep again and back into the arms of some supermodel.

The comm panel bleeped. "Captain." came Kachunky's voice echoing out of the comm panel. It bleeped again. "CAPTAIN!"

Norman awoke with a start. "What?" he said wearily turning on the comm panel.

"The aliens we picked up are just gaining consciousness. You wanted to be informed when they were awake." beamed Kachunky's voice from the speaker.

"Lemme guess. They want to talk to me?" Norman wearily uttered.

"That would be correct,Captain."

"I'll be there in five minutes." he turned off the comm panel.

Thinking a moment,he turned it back on.

"Norman to Bridge."

"Bridge here." came Kachunky's voice.

"I take it we're still trapped on the other side of the Beta Quadrant and you're still my first officer?" he asked.

"That would be correct,Sir." came the reply.

"Ah. Good. Nice to know where I stand. Norman out." he turned the comm panel off again. And then he promptly began to run around,hands clutched tightly to his face. "I'm gonna be dead!!!!!!!"

Not too far away.

A small Borg scout vessel hung limply in the night. It had been severely damaged and had managed to escape into the Beta Quadrant through the transwarp conduits. It's sensors noted the small incident involving the Antiwesley and the other ship,and slowly it began to revive the crew.

----- They sat around the table in the conference room. Kleenix sat across the table from Norman,Pez sat next to him,head on his shoulder.

"So what you are trying to tell me,Captain...." asked Kleenix with a puzzled look on his face.

"Norman. So truthfully,we had no idea we were going to come through that warp thingy and come out right on top of your ship. We can offer you and your..."

"Girlfriend.." interjected Pez.

"Yes... Girlfriend. We can offer you a trip to a location of your choice and set you up with a small stipend to cover any damages incurred from our little.. incident." said Norman.

"I would find this... satisfactory. Perhaps we can even offer you our services along the way."

"Yes,we can cook,perhaps help out in finding supplies,and other such small things..." added in Pez.

"Perhaps.. I'll have to consult with my senior staff on this. In fact,I think I can say that I could guarantee acceptance of your offer." he stood up and shook Kleenix's hand.

"I'll see that Mr.Servix assigns you to temporary quarters for the time being."

"Thank you Captain." Kleenix nodded as Norman walked out of the conference room.

to his face and began to scream like a little girl.

Norman stared at the screen for a moment. "I think..."

'Man...what a babe.' Norman thought to himself.

"I think that I would like that..." Norman found himself staring at the screen as he said this.

Servix mumbled to herself. "My god...he's fallen in love..." and she promptly began to pound her head on the console..

TO BE CONTINUED...

An Unknown Starbase Briefing Room. Three days later.

A small table rests in the center of the room. Sitting around it are a group of older gentleman wearing Starfleet uniforms.

"As you can see gentlemen,that is all we have." the speaker turned to face the other men.

"A series of over and underdeveloped pictures of different locations in the known sectors,beamed at us from somewhere in the Beta Quadrant."

"And what have they managed to tell us?" one of the sitters asked.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing..." the speaker replied,setting down the glass he had been drinking out of. "No matter what combination,no matter what order, these pictures tell us...nothing."

"Have investigative teams been sent out to those locations?" another gentleman started the display up again. "Paris,T'Lar on Vulcan,Armstrong Station,everyone of these has been checked out?"

The speaker nodded. "All but one." he pressed a button. "This one."

A picture appeared on the screen. It was of an old man standing in front of a grove of pine trees. "This is the only correctly exposed picture in the whole bunch. We've processed it to no end. The computer identifies it as a scientist from the mid-20th century. Name of Saltzman."

"Who?" some asked.

"The records are minimal on his creation,but apparently it had something to do with brain transfers."

"Brain transfers? Posh nonsense."

"Well,not utter nonsense,you will remember the Spock incident."

Some of the old men nodded.

"But the most important question here,gentlemen,where is the

Antiwesley?" The old men looked at each other blankly.

thunder strikes *cue theme*

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and

3.1×10^{12} of 2.4×10^{14} A Rogue Borg

And of course,you won't see any of them in:

----- DISPLACED Episode 3

"This is UPN,the United Planets Network." A UPN logo appears on the screen.

"On tonight's edition of UP-Watch,we'll be investigating rumors of an increase of activity on the Romulan/Klingon border,and an expose on the current allegations of a conspiracy involving the Romulans,as suggested by Admiral Norah Satie. But up first,we bring you our top story.."

The picture fades out of the UPN logo and it morphs into a woman sitting at a newsdesk.

"This morning,Starfleet announced the disappearance of the recently commissioned USS Antiwesley,NCC-2001. The ship,pictured here,was originally brought into service as the USS Williams,an Excelsior class,in 2287,under the command of Captain John Sherman,it was most notable for it's mission to the Korvat colony in 2289,and in

2302,when under command by it's second Captain, Captain Susan Mintkowski,when it visited Angel I,on a exploratory mission. Following several more years in service as an Academy ship,the Williams was finally retired in 2329 after Starfleet upgraded all the computer systems to isolinear optical chip technology."

The newscaster turns to look at a different camera.

"And then it was gracefully retired to the Alpha IV fleet museum in 2330. After a long and outstanding career in the Fleet,both former Captains, now retired Admirals,visited her one last time before shut down. Admirals Sherman and Mintkowski,pictured here,were revelling in stories with her final Captain,Captain T'Prell,who assumed command in 2315,when she was assigned to Starfleet Academy."

She turns back to the first position.

"Now,the Williams re-enters the picture,some 35 years later. After the loss at Wolf 359,Starfleet began a program to bring some old ships out of retire- ment. In need of some upgrades,the Williams is put under the charge of Admiral Konos Skutter. Admiral Skutter spearheaded the movement to "bolster the fleet with some older ships for the time being."

"This included some of the Nebula,Excelsior,and the Ambassador class ships. While some of the larger,more maintained ships were put directly into service, the Williams was less maintained,and less in a state of readiness, It was discovered,almost by accident,that the Williams was the second ship of the line,just after the class ship,the USS Excelsior. Finding this a fitting point,she was re-christened with her original registry,NCC-2001. The name,however,alluded our historical experts. Sources close to Admiral Skutter's office however,report that she was named by her new First Officer, a Vulcan by the name of Servix. Her new Captain,seen here, is Captain Eric Norman,formerly of the USS Excelion. The Excelion,if you remember..."

"CHANGE!" Admiral Skutter yelled at the screen.

".. find it... quite relieving if she were to return to us. She is,after all, my daughter. Her mother used to be very distraught at her.. choice of enlistment in Starfleet,but I found it quite logical." said a staunch,old, dodgy Vulcan on the screen.

"Those were the comments today from Stanchek,assistant Federation liason from Vulcan,and father of Lieutenant Servix,first officer of the lost Starship Antiwesley.."

"CHANGE!" Skutter barked at the screen once more.

"I never really knew what was wrong with him,until now.." a woman sat on a chair in front of an audience. "He became so... distant,so... empty."

"All that in the months following the battle?" the woman asked the other woman.

"Yes. It got to the point that I couldn't face him anymore. He seemed ready to crack,so I kicked him out. I told him to find some officer's barracks. Something. I just had to get him away." she began to cry.

The woman roaming the audience came up and began to hug her.

"It's ok,it's ok." she consoled the woman. She turned to face the camera. "After these messages,we'll be right back to this exclusive interview with Karen Norman.."

"OFF." Admiral Skutter looked up at his screen and sighed.

"I just hope you bring her back in one piece Eric." he looked out of his window into the depths of space. "I just hope you bring her back.."

----- TO BE CONCLUDED...

The screen flared into life. A small,petite woman with large breasts stared out at Norman. "I am 3.1×10^{12} of 2.4×10^{14} . Resistance is futile. Prepare to be assimilated." Ramirez looked up at the screen.

"We're going to die... AIIIIIIIEEEEE!" and he promptly put his hands to his face and began to scream like a little girl.

Norman stared at the screen for a moment. "I think..."

'Man...what a babe.' Norman thought to himself.

"I think that I would like that..." Norman found himself staring at the screen as he said this.

Servix mumbled to herself. "My god...he's fallen in love..." and she promptly began to pound her head on the console..

cue theme

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3.1×10^{12} of 2.4×10^{14} A Rogue Borg And they're all suffering together in:

----- DISPLACED Episode 4 -----

"Sir?" Kachunky looked up from his position at Ops. Servix continued to pound her head on the console.

"Well.." the Borg on the screen had a look of shock on her face.

"Captain.. I can't honestly believe you're going to give in to that.. that... Bimborg!" Servix lifted her head up and stared at Kachunky. This was more than likely the most intelligent thing she had him say all day.

A figure twinkled into life on the Bridge, and the figure of the female Borg stepped towards Norman. "Resistance is..." she advanced slowly.

"Sir, would you like me to put on the mood lighting?" Ramirez muttered from underneath the Navigation console.

"Yes, please." came the response from Norman. Ramirez reached up and flicked a switch. Suddenly, the lighting started to flicker and strange twangy noises came from the speakers.

Kachunky took advantage of this distraction to blow up the Borg scout vessel. The Borg female collapsed into Norman's arms, unconscious.

Norman stared at Kachunky, then at Servix. "Ramirez.. turn off the mood lighting..." Ramirez nodded and the lighting went back to normal. "Bridge to Sickbay." Norman shouted.

"Captain?" came the response.

"I'm bringing down a wounded Borg. We need to cut her off from the Collective and get her into some tight Spandex quick!" he ran to the turbolift doors.

"Servix.. you have the bridge til I return.." the doors opened and he hefted the Borg body up and over his shoulder. The doors shut.

"Well.. it's nice of him to leave and not put anyone in charge." Kachunky muttered.

"But sir.." Ensign Kenni spoke up. "He did. Lt. Servix is in charge."

"Who? I don't see any Lt. Servix on the bridge." Kachunky stepped up to the Captain's chair. "Perhaps the spatial anomaly affected the

entire ship.

Servix walked up behind Kachunky and slapped him hard on the head. Ramirez could feel the pressure wave at his position.

Kachunky said nothing. His head didn't even move. "Mr. Ramirez, you see and hear me, correct?"

"Correct, sir."

"Right. We'll have to get the entire crew checked out then. Thanks for your opinion, Mr. Ramirez." Kachunky sat back smugly in the chair.

"Sir, with all due respect, I wasn't talking to you.. I was talking to Servix."

"Again with this Servix person. COMPUTER!"

"WoRkInG, mAsTeR."

"Bring up any files on a 'Lieutenant Servix'."

"WoRkInG. LiEuTeNaNt SeRvIx. FiRsT OfFiCeR, USS AnTiWeSlEy, NCC 2001."

"Right. That's good enough. Hear what the computer said? There's no such person as Lt. Servix." Kachunky sat back in the chair.

"Uh, sir?" Ensign Kenni spoke up. "That's not what we heard.."

Servix sighed and pounded her head on the turbolift doors.

----- HOURS LATER -----

Dr. Voluptura looked up from the table at Norman, his nose pressed against the glass like a child at a toy store.

"Captain.. it appears that the operation has been a success. I've removed 98% of the un-necessary Borg implants."

"And the remaining 2 percent?" Norman asked.

"Well.. those were in... her breasts. I left those in."

"Borg Breast implants?" Servix looked at Norman.

"They're part of her basic life functions now. We'll have to set up a recharging station for her now. Otherwise she'll die."

"And we can't have that." Norman replied. "Servix, make the appropriate changes to the cabin next to mine."

"But sir..." Servix began to protest for a moment and then realised that she knew who the quarters belonged to. "Security, have 2 guards meet me on Deck 5 in 5 minutes."

Servix smiled as she walked out of Sickbay. -----

Kachunky wearily trudged towards his cabin after the grueling shift on the bridge. He muttered to himself about imaginary crewmembers and began to open the door. O'Reilly was on the other side, working on a Borg construct. Servix began to laugh.

"What?" came the reply from Kachunky. "Where's my stuff? What's going on here?" O'Reilly turned to look at Kachunky. "The captain ordered this room to be fit to host our new guest. I wasn't aware that ANYONE was living here." he smirked

"Well.. I was.." Kachunky began to get angry.

"What? Servix.. did you hear someone?" O'Reilly asked.

"Must be that imaginary crewmember.." she smirked.

"Och.. yes.. that imaginary crewmember. Well.. his imaginary belongings are in room 512." Kachunky stomped out and went down to 512. The door opened, and he found himself face to face with his new quarters. The recently abandoned... broom closet.

Kachunky screamed as the Antiwesley sped off towards home in the rainbow spectrum of warp drive..

End
file.